

 **Soldier and Marine**

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AUTHORITY

SOLDIER *and* **MARINE**

comics

No. 14

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Hi Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1



How TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT

How TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT

How TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT

How TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT

How TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT

AMAZING SECRETS How to WIN MUSCLES like IRON NERVES like STEEL EXPERT TALKS You Now YOU CAN BECOME AN ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 MINUTES a DAY PHOTO BOOK

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show YOU HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

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This BOOK will also show YOU HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!



YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says,

I gained

70 lbs.

of

mighty muscle

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says,

I gained

70 lbs.

of

mighty muscle

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says,

I gained

70 lbs.

of

mighty muscle

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus



NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle

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NAME _____ AGE _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

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Volume 1, Number 14

June, 1955

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SOLDIER AND MARINE

THE LETTER THAT WON A BATTLE!

SAM DUVAL WAS A TOUGH MARINE, A ROUGH, FEARLESS FIGHTER! BUT SAM WANTED TO STAY ALIVE AND GO HOME TO MARRY THE GIRL HE LOVED. HIS PLATOON PALS CALLED HIM "LOVER BOY," BUT HE DIDN'T MIND THE NICKNAME. HE'D JUST GRIN AND READ HIS MAIL. BUT AT MAIL CALL ONE DAY SAM GOT A LETTER THAT SHATTERED HIS DREAM, AND HURLED HIM INTO RECKLESS DEFIANCE OF FATE!

WHY THE BIG GRIN, SAM? I HEARD THERE ISN'T ANY MAIL FOR YOU THIS TRIP! IT'LL BREAK YOUR HEART IF YOU DON'T GET A LETTER FROM LAURA!

YOU HEARD WRONG, OBIE. I'LL HAVE A SACK FULL OF LETTERS! LAURA WRITES ME EVERY DAY!



EVERY MARINE IN COMPANY "C" KIDDED SAM ABOUT HIS BIG ROMANCE.

HEY, CAN'T THOSE LETTERS WAIT UNTIL YOU WASH UP? YOU HAVEN'T HAD A BATH IN A WEEK!

AW, BREEZE, OBIE! THE SOAP AND WATER CAN WAIT!

DUVAL! HEY, SAM, HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU THAT **ISN'T** FROM LAURA!

THAT'S OKAY, JACK. I'LL READ THAT AFTER LAURA'S LETTERS! COME ON, GIVE ME THAT MAIL!





WHAT DOES SHE WRITE THAT MAKES HIM SMILE LIKE THAT? HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE JUST GOT A THIRTY DAY LEAVE!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THOSE LETTERS ARE FROM **LAURA!**

HEY, FELLAS! BEAT IT, WILL YOU? I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



I AM READ ON... IN LOVE, HAPPY TO HEAR FROM THE GIRL HE DREAMED OF AT NIGHT IN HIS FOXHOLE!

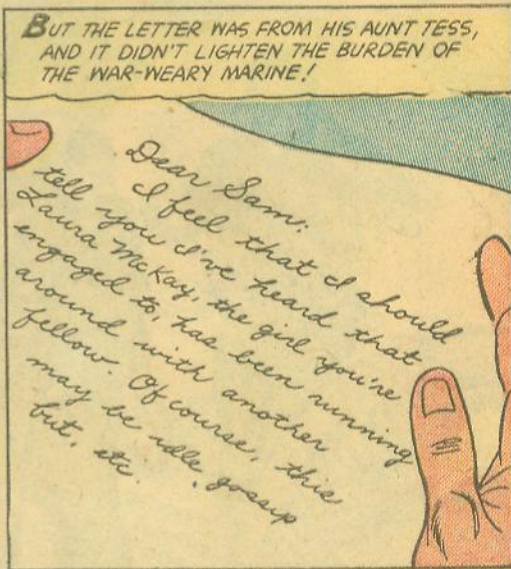
IS THAT ALL FROM LAURA, LOVER BOY? WHO'S THE OTHER ONE FROM?

MY AUNT TESS. GOSH, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER IN A YEAR!



JUMPIN' JUDAS! SHE'S CRAZY! HEY, FELLAS, SHOVE OFF, WILL YOU? THIS IS SERIOUS!

THAT'S PROBABLY FROM LAURA'S MOTHER, TELLIN' HIM TO TONE DOWN HIS MASH NOTES. LET "LOVER BOY" READ IN PEACE!



BUT THE LETTER WAS FROM HIS AUNT TESS, AND IT DIDN'T LIGHTEN THE BURDEN OF THE WAR-WEARY MARINE!

Dear Sam:
I feel that I should tell you I've heard that Laura McKay, the girl you're engaged to, has been running around with another fellow. Of course, this may be idle gossip but, etc.



SHE'S JUST GOSSIPING! LAURA WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH ANOTHER GUY! SHE COULDN'T DO THAT TO ME!

WHY SO GLOOMY, SAM? THE GIRL GIVE YOU THE GO-BY?



GOOD-NATURED SAM DUVAL BLEW HIS TOP! HIS AMAZED BUDDY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH...
OOOF!

YOU ASKED FOR THIS, WISE GUY!

WEEK OF TORTURE FOLLOWED! WHILE HIS BUDDIES ENJOYED A NEEDED REST, HE PROWLED AROUND SURLY AND GRUFF TO HIS OLD COMRADES!

GEE, SAM DUVAL SURE GOT A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER THESE DAYS! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

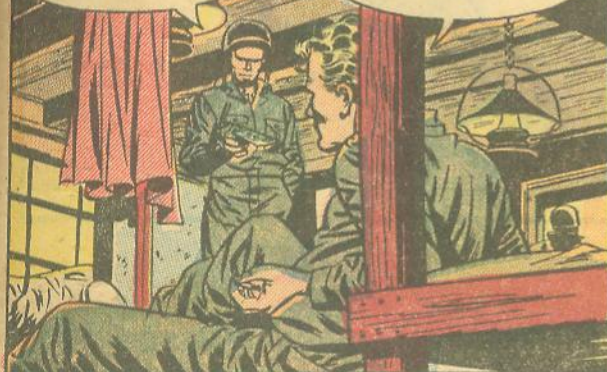
LET HIM ALONE! HE GOT A LETTER FROM ONE OF HIS PRYING RELATIVES... SOME GOSSIP ABOUT HIS GIRL FRIEND!



YES, SAM DUVAL, BITTER AND UNHAPPY, WELCOMED THE RETURN TO ACTION! UP THERE HE COULD AVOID MAIL CALL...

HERE'S A LETTER THAT JUST CAME IN, SAM! I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE IT BEFORE WE HEAD NORTH.

YOU DIDN'T DO ME A FAVOR! THIS IS ANOTHER POISON PEN LETTER FROM THAT MEDDLING AUNT OF MINE!



HEY, SAM, YOU'VE BEEN IN A DAZE ALL DAY! YOU WANT TO GET YOURSELF KILLED?

AW, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I'M OVERDUE TO GET HIT ANYHOW!



HEY, SAM, BAD NEWS! OUR REST IS OVER, WE'RE GOING BACK ON THE LINE TODAY!

SUITS ME FINE! YOU DON'T WANT TO LIVE FOREVER, DO YOU? I'D JUST AS SOON BE UP THERE!



SAM DUVAL WAS RIGHT BUT THE LAST LETTER INCLUDED A CLIPPING FROM THE HOME TOWN PAPER!

IT'S TRUE! LAURA IS RUNNING AROUND WITH ANOTHER GUY!



MISS LAURA MCKAY AND ESCORT, JAMES J. WALSH, ATTENDED THE CHURCH SOCIAL LAST EVENING.

SAM DUVAL WAS IN A DAZE... EVEN AFTER THEY REACHED THE LINE HE WALKED AROUND HALF ASLEEP!

THEY USE REAL BULLETS UP HERE, DUVAL! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

RELAX, LIEUTENANT! I'M DOING ALL RIGHT!

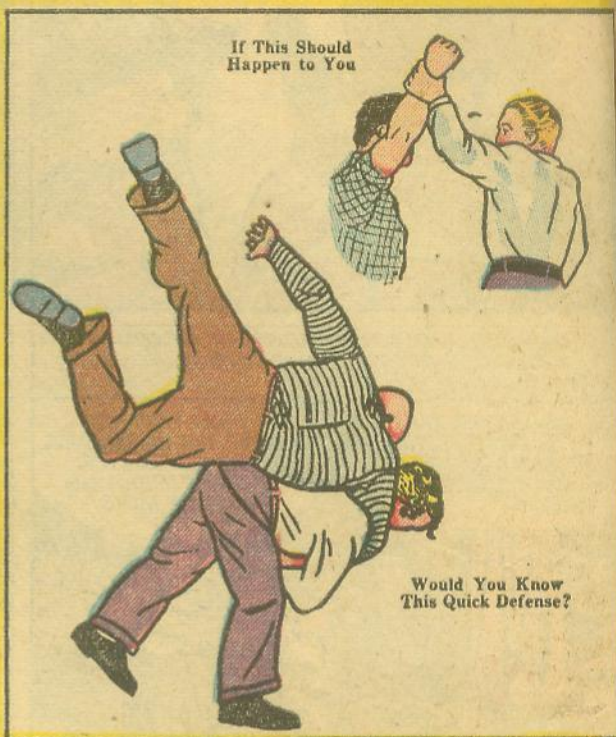


You, Too, Can Be Tough!

GREATEST SELF-DEFENSE OFFER EVER MADE!

LIGHTNING JU-JITSU

Master Ju-Jitsu and you'll be able to overcome any attack—win any fight! This is what this book promises you! *Lightning Ju-Jitsu* will equip you with a powerful defense and counter-attack against any bully, attacker or enemy. It is equally effective and easy to use by any woman or man, boy or girl—and you don't need big muscles or weight to apply. Technique and the know-how does the trick. This book gives you all the secrets, grips, blows, pressures, jabs, tactics, etc. which are so deadly effective in quickly "putting an attacker out of business." Such as: Hitting Where It Hurts—Edge of the Hand Blow—Knuckle Jab—Shoulder Pinch—Teeth Rattler—Boxing the Ears—Elbow Jab—Knee Jab—Coat Grip—Bouncer Grip—Thumbscrew—Strangle Hold—Hip Throw—Shoulder Throw—Chin Throw—Knee Throw—*Breaking a Wristlock*, or *Body Grip*, or *Strangle Hold*—*Overcoming a Hold-up*, or *Gun Attack*, or *Knife Attack*, or *Club Assault*, etc. etc.—Just follow the illustrations and easy directions, practice the grips, holds and movements—and you'll fear no man.



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I enclose \$1—Send Postpaid (Sorry, No C.O.D.'s)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



SAM DUVAL WENT THROUGH THE MOTIONS--BUT HE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT HIS COMPANY WAS BEING CUT OFF, WITH MURDEROUS CROSS FIRE PICKING OFF THE MEN, ONE BY ONE!



IF SAM HAD BEEN THINKING, HE WOULD'VE BEEN WORRIED...BUT HE WORMED PAST DANGEROUS SPOTS WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT THEM!

REDS! THEY DON'T SEE ME! I'LL GET THEM WITH ONE GRENADE!



TWO OUT OF THREE-- AND **THAT** MAKES IT A CLEAN SWEEP!



SAM DUVAL'S LIFE WAS IN JEOPARDY EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY--BUT THE GLOOMY MARINE MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVED!

I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR IF I GET PAST THESE REDS. I CAN SEE OUR LINES NOW. I'LL MAKE A RUN FOR IT!



HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S ONE OF OUR GUYS!

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT! THE BOYS ARE DEPENDING ON ME!



MARINE COMRADES TOOK SAM DUVAL TO REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS WHERE HE REPORTED HIS COMPANY'S PREDICAMENT!

THE COMPANY IS RIGHT THERE, MAJOR! WE NEED FIFTIES, AMMUNITION, AND A LOT OF HAND GRENADES!

YOU'LL GET 'EM. I'VE GOT AIR SUPPORT ON THE PHONE NOW! I WISH WE COULD PINPOINT THE DROP, THAT'S ALL!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PINPOINT THE DROP, SIR?

I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOUR LIEUTENANT EXACT DETAILS ABOUT THE SUPPLIES, THE TIME, AND SPOT THEY WILL BE DROPPED!

I'LL DO THAT, SIR. I KNOW WHERE THE COMPANY IS! I'LL START BACK AT ONCE!



SAM DUVAL DEFIED ALL ODDS ON HIS RETURN TRIP...THE RED TROOPS WERE ON GUARD AGAINST MESSAGES AND SUPPLIES REACHING THE SURROUNDED COMPANY!

THE REDS ARE ON THE LOOK-OUT. THEY KNOW OUR OUTFIT CAN'T MAKE RADIO CONTACT.

GET HIM! DON'T LET HIM THROUGH!



A SLEEPER, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BAD NEWS FROM HOME IN YOUR NEXT LETTER!



SAM DUVAL GOT THROUGH WITH THE INFORMATION SO VITAL TO HIS COMPANY!

HERE'S SAM BACK, LIEUTENANT! THE CRAZY GALOOT DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE THE TRIP BOTH WAYS!

WHAT'S THE NEWS, DUVAL?



THE MAJOR SAID WE'D GET OUR MATERIAL ON THE RIDGE, LIEUTENANT! HE SAID THE FIFTIES WOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH RED CHUTES, THE GRENADES WITH WHITE CHUTES!

HERE THEY COME! LET'S GO GET THAT STUFF, BOYS!



THAT'S EVERYTHING, MEN! I GUESS THOSE FIFTY CALIBRE MACHINE GUNS ARE OUT OF OUR REACH! IF WE HAD THEM, WE'D BE ALL RIGHT!

I'LL GET ONE ANYHOW, LIEUTENANT!



SAM DUVAL, GLOOMY OVER THE NEWS FROM HOME, HAD NO THOUGHT OF HIS PERSONAL SAFETY! HE RAN THROUGH A HALE OF FIRE TOWARD THE HEAVY MACHINE GUNS...

GO BACK, OBIE! I CAN HANDLE THIS ALONE!

I'M AS CRAZY AS YOU ANY DAY IN THE WEEK! LET'S GO, SAM!



THE REDS ATTACKED WHEN THEY SPOTTED THE AIRBORNE SUPPLIES COMING IN... BUT THEY WERE TOO LATE!

YOU WERE JUST IN TIME, SAM. WITH-
OUT THAT AMMO,
WE'D BE COOKED!

WE STILL NEED THIS FIFTY
CALIBRE GUN! I'LL BE SET
UP IN A MINUTE!



THE REDS CHARGED AGAIN AND AGAIN
...BUT SAM DUVAL STUCK BITTERLY TO
HIS HEAVY MACHINE GUN!



WE'RE MOWIN' 'EM
...**LOOK OUT, SAM!**
GRENADE!

**SAM, LOOK
OUT!**

GRENADE?
I DON'T SEE...

BLAM!

SAM DUVAL WAS WOUNDED IN BOTH
LEGS... BUT HIS MIND WAS FAR
AWAY AS HE WAS CARRIED BACK
AFTER THE BATTLE!

THIS GUY'S
DELIRIOUS! HE
KEEPS TALKING
ABOUT LETTERS
FROM HOME!

FROM WHAT O'BRIEN
TOLD ME, HE CAN
TALK ANY WAY HE
PLEASES! HE SAVED
HIS WHOLE COM-
PANY BEFORE HE
GOT HIT!



THREE DAYS LATER, SAM DUVAL HAD MORE MAIL FROM
HOME! AND A VISITOR, OBIE O'BRIEN!

WHAT ARE YOU SMILIN'
ABOUT? YOU LIKE BEIN'
IN THE HOSPITAL?



NO! I JUST
GOT A LETTER
FROM LAURA! THAT
WAS HER **UNCLE**
SHE WAS SEEN WITH!
SHE **WASN'T** GOING
OUT WITH ANOTHER
MAN! OH, OH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
SAM? ALL OF A
SUDDEN YOU GOT
PALE!

YEAH, I KNOW! I JUST
THOUGHT OF WHAT A DOPE I
WAS! I MIGHT'VE GOT
KILLED! ALL OF A SUDDEN
I'M SCARED AT THE CHANCES
I TOOK!

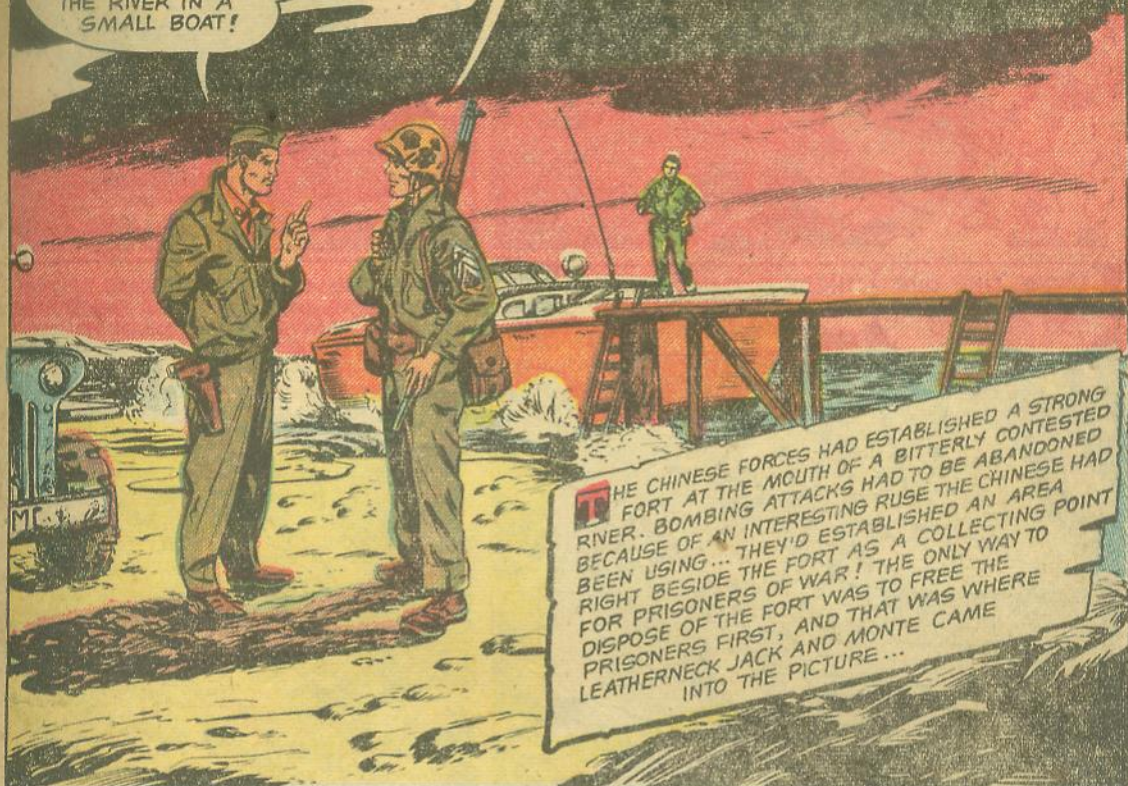


Leatherneck Jack

in **RIVER TRAP**

REMEMBER NOW... WE'RE COUNTING ON THE REDS NEVER SUSPECTING TWO MEN TO COME DOWN THE RIVER IN A SMALL BOAT!

IF EVERYTHING GOES AS PLANNED, SIR, THE PLANES SHOULD BE ABLE TO DROP THEIR EGGS TONIGHT!



THE CHINESE FORCES HAD ESTABLISHED A STRONG FORT AT THE MOUTH OF A BITTERLY CONTESTED RIVER. BOMBING ATTACKS HAD TO BE ABANDONED BECAUSE OF AN INTERESTING RUSSIAN AREA BEEN USING... THEY'D ESTABLISHED AN AREA RIGHT BESIDE THE FORT AS A COLLECTING POINT FOR PRISONERS OF WAR! THE ONLY WAY TO DISPOSE OF THE FORT WAS TO FREE THE PRISONERS FIRST, AND THAT WAS WHERE LEATHERNECK JACK AND MONTE CAME INTO THE PICTURE...

TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE ANY TIME FOR FISHING ON THIS JOY RIDE, JACK! MIGHT HAVE SOME FRESH FOOD FOR A CHANGE!

YOU MIGHT GIVE THE FISHES SOME FOOD YOURSELF, IF YOU DON'T HOLD ON! WE'RE GETTING TO THE RAPIDS!



NO WONDER THE REDS WON'T EXPECT US THIS WAY! ONLY A NUT WOULD TRY TO GO THROUGH THIS MESS!

HANG ON... AND BE QUIET!





WELL... THAT PART'S OVER! I DON'T THINK THE FORT'S TOO FAR AWAY NOW!

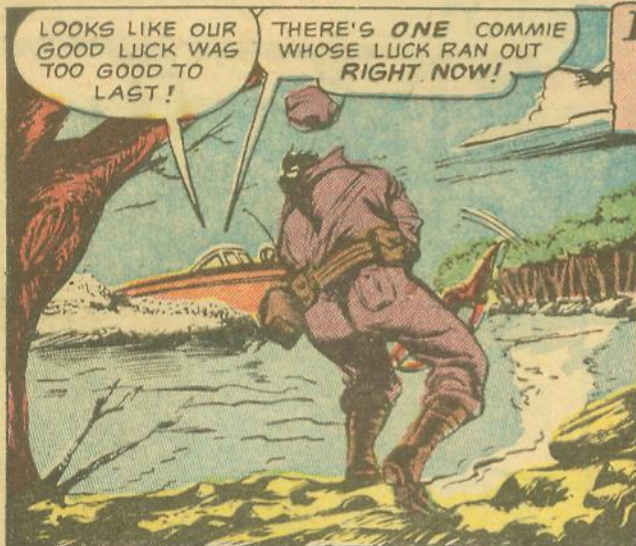
SURE... IT'S A CINCH FROM NOW ON! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS SNEAK UP, KNOCK OUT A COUPLE OF GUARDS, AND RELEASE FIFTY PRISONERS!



SUDDENLY...

LISTEN... YOU VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS... WATCH OUT!

LOOK! A RED PATROL!



LOOKS LIKE OUR GOOD LUCK WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST!

THERE'S **ONE** COMMIE WHOSE LUCK RAN OUT **RIGHT NOW!**

FORCED TO GIVE ALL THEIR ATTENTION TO THE RUNNING GUN-BATTLE WITH THE ENEMY PATROL, JACK AND MONTE HAVE TO TRUST TO FATE TO KEEP THEIR SMALL BOAT ON AN EVEN COURSE BUT...



WATCH IT, JACK! WE'RE GONNA HIT THAT ROCK!

TRY TO JUMP CLEAR!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

J- JACK! ARE YOU OKAY? I...I DROPPED MY GUN!

SO DID I, MONTE! BUT IF WE HUG THIS ROCK LONG ENOUGH, MAYBE THE REDS'LL THINK WE WERE DROWNED!



MINUTE FOLLOWS MINUTE... UNTIL, AT LAST...

YOU WERE RIGHT, JACK! THEY'RE LEAVING!

GIVE THEM ONE MINUTE MORE, AND THEN WE'LL HEAD FOR SHORE OURSELVES!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK FOR SURE, JACK! NO GUNS... HOW CAN WE HOPE TO RELEASE THE PRISONERS?

WE'LL CROSS **THAT** BRIDGE WHEN WE GET TO IT! MEANWHILE, LET'S MOVE AHEAD!

THE TWO MARINES PUSH THROUGH THE TREES... FOLLOWING THE COURSE OF THE RIVER... UNTIL...



THERE SHE IS!

THERE'S EXTRA TROUBLE, TOO! WE CAN LET HIM SPOT US!



NO GUNS... AND HE'D HEAR US IN A SECOND IF WE TRIED TO SNEAK UP CLOSE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THIS GUY! TRY TO GET HIM TO FACE ME!



美國路行!



AND AS THE UNSUSPECTING SENTRY WHIRLS TO INVESTIGATE THE SOUND...

兩本--

NICE GOING!



THESE WIRE CUTTERS OUGHT TO MAKE GETTIN' INSIDE A CINCH!

PROVIDED ANOTHER GUARD DOESN'T COME ALONG FIRST!



UH-OH!
SPEAK
OF THE
DEVIL!

WAIT HERE! IF HE KEEPS WALKING IN THAT
DIRECTION, HE'LL PRACTICALLY TRIP OVER
THE DEAD BODY OF THE OTHER GUARD!



AND... AS MONTE STAYS CLOSE TO THE BARBED
WIRE, JACK SNEAKS TOWARD THE GUARD...

ALL HE'S GOT TO DO IS SPOT
THAT BODY, AND HE'LL SET OFF
AN ALARM! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE
FAST... AND
QUIET!



NO
NOISE!



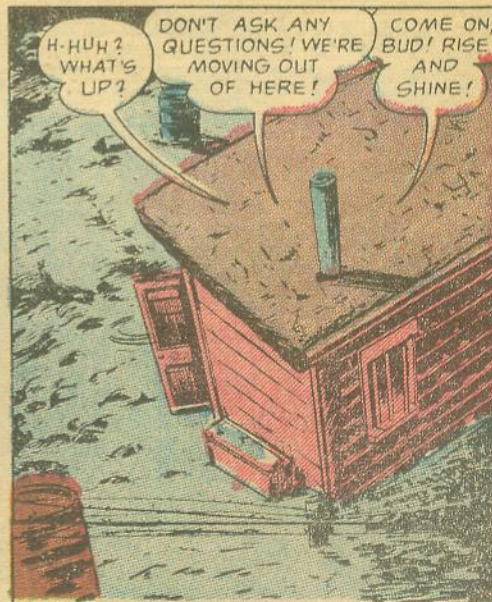
I WAS
WONDERING
IF YOU'D
COME
BACK!

LET'S CUT THE WIRE AND
GET ON THROUGH!



THEY MUST ALL BE
IN THE BARRACKS
SLEEPING!

THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT! WE'LL
JUST HAVE TO GET 'EM UP AND
GET 'EM MOVING!



H-HUH?
WHAT'S
UP?

DON'T ASK ANY
QUESTIONS! WE'RE
MOVING OUT
OF HERE!

COME ON,
BUD! RISE
AND
SHINE!



MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!

YOURS

FOR ONLY

1¢

THIS STUNNING ASSORTMENT OF
21 ALL-OCCASION GREETING CARDS!
YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!

**Just to prove how easily a few spare hours
CAN EARN YOU \$50 CASH!**

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Cards as illustrated. Yes, **JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY** is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!

This special offer is made to men, women, boys and girls for one reason: to let you see for yourself how easy it is to make lots of extra spending money with this wonderful selling plan. So our offer is strictly limited, and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry — this offer may not be repeated.

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In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ontario



- HERE'S WHAT
YOU GET FOR
ONLY 1¢**
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 - 9 Birthday Cards
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 - 1 Sympathy Card
 - 1 Congratulations
 - 21 Envelopes
- Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping



PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

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I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX OF ALL OCCASION Cards for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name

Address

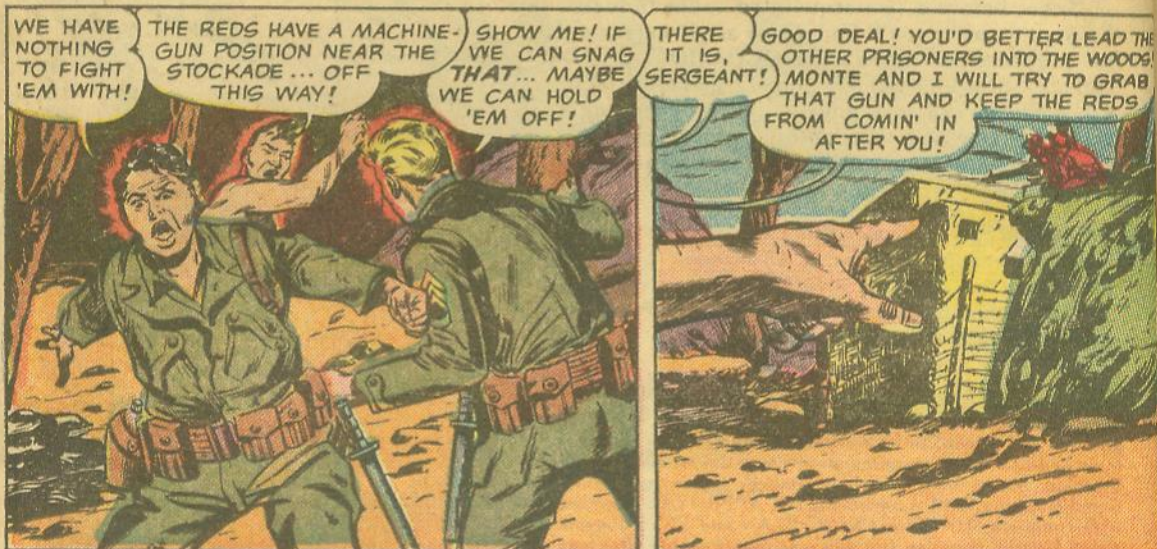
City & Zone State

☐ Check here for Club or G. M. Fund-Raising Plan

**RAISE FUNDS
FOR YOUR CLUB
OR GROUP**

Ask for Special Plans to
raise money for your
club or group.





WITH THE PRISONERS IN THE SLIGHT PROTECTION OF THE WOODED AREA, JACK AND MONTE CRAWL AROUND TO ONE SIDE OF THE MACHINE-GUN, AND...





GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS GUN, MONTE! THEY'RE POURIN' IN THIS WAY!



WE'RE KEEPIN' 'EM BACK, ALL RIGHT, AS LONG AS THIS AMMO HOLDS OUT!

I HEAR PLANES, TOO! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! I SURE HOPE THIS FLAREGUN IS STILL WORKING!



THERE'S THE SIGNAL, CAPTAIN!

YEP! THAT MEANS THE TWO MARINES HAVE RELEASED ALL THE PRISONERS FROM THE STOCKADE! GET SET FOR THE BOMBING RUN!

THE UN PLANES MAKE THEIR FIRST PASS AT THE FORT, AND DOWN BELOW...

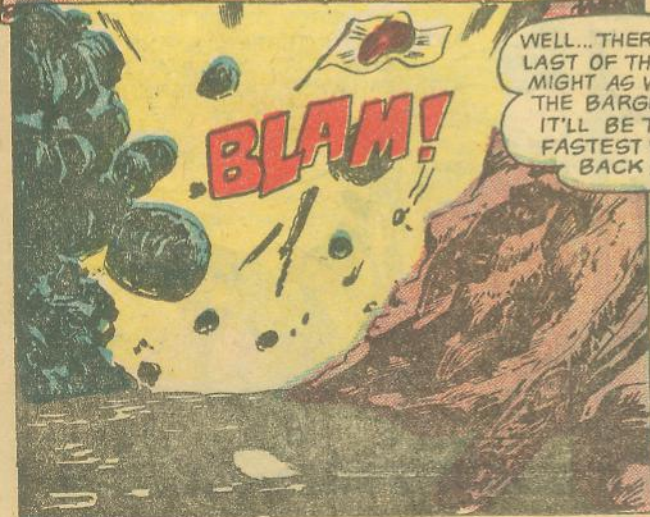


LOOK AT THOSE BABIES GO!

GET AWAY FROM THAT GUN AND HUG THE DIRT, OR YOU'LL BE GOIN' WITH 'EM!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE PLANES CUT LOOSE... BOMBS, ROCKETS, MACHINE-GUN BULLETS... MAKING A SHAMBLES OF THE ONCE STRONGLY-HELD FORT!

WITH THE FORT BLASTED OUT OF COMMISSION, THE MARINES ARE ABLE TO LAND, AND ALL THAT REMAINED TO DO WAS TO REMOVE THE PRISONERS TO SAFETY...



WELL... THERE GOES THE LAST OF THEM! WE MIGHT AS WELL GET IN THE BARGE, TOO! IT'LL BE THE FASTEST WAY BACK!



LISTEN... I'LL GET IN... PROVIDED YOU DON'T DO THE DRIVIN'! LAST TIME, I GOT MYSELF PRETTY WET... AND ONCE WAS ENOUGH!

the end

FIGHTING LEATHERNECKS QUIGLEY and BEALS!





SIGN ME UP
AN' THROW THAT
DUMMY
OUTTA
HERE!

THE MARINES
CAN'T BE SO HARD
UP THAT THEY'LL
TAKE QUIGLEY!

STOW IT!
WE CAN USE
YOU BOTH!

SO ONCE AGAIN, QUIGLEY AND BEALS ARE
BACK IN THE UNIFORM OF UNCLE SAM'S
FAMOUS MARINES... AND BACK TO THEIR
OLD FEUDING...

I SAW
HER FIRST!

IN THE
PIG'S EYE
YOU DID!



LIKE A COUPLE OF BRISTLING BULLDOGS, THEY GO THROUGH COMBAT TRAINING COURSES...

OUTA MY WAY,
BEALS. LET A REAL
GYRENE SHOW YUH
HOW IT'S DONE!

WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK
HOME, QUIGLEY? THIS IS
TOO TOUGH FOR YOU!

THEM TWO
GUYS AIN'T
FOOLIN'!

THREE MONTHS, TEN GIRLS AND
TWENTY FIGHTS LATER AT BASE X,
SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC...

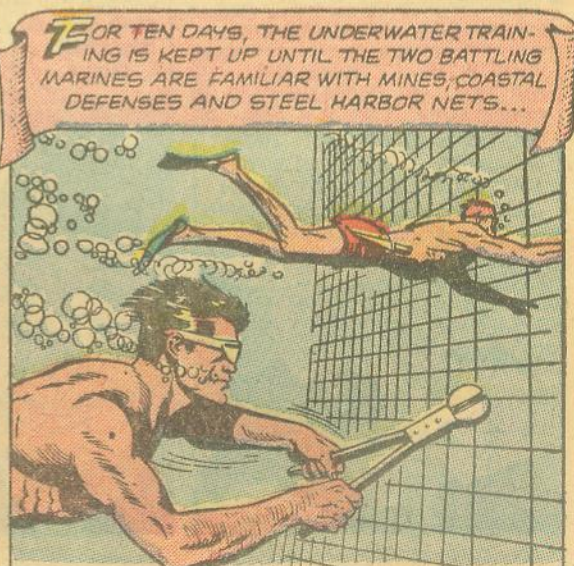
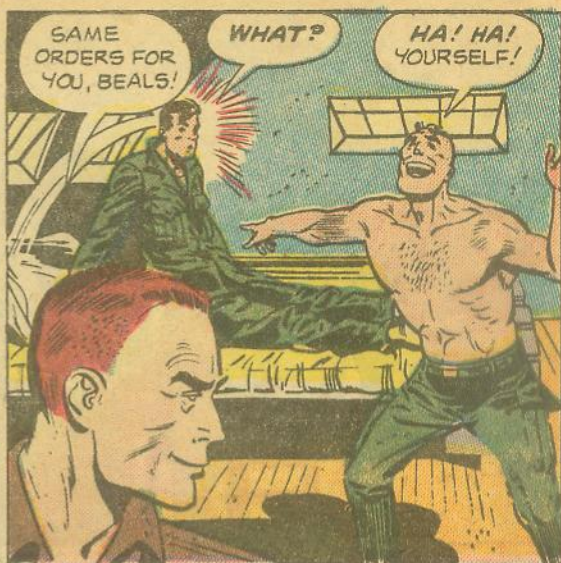
WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
SERGEANT?
YOU LOOK AS
IF YOU'VE
HAD BAD
NEWS!

I HAVE, SIR.
QUIGLEY AND
BEALS ARE
BACK! THEY
CAME IN WITH
THE LAST BATCH
OF REPLACEMENTS.
YOU REMEMBER
THAT PAIR, SIR!

QUIGLEY
AND BEALS!
WONDER-
FUL!
EXCUSE
ME, MAJOR,
BUT I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID
WONDERFUL!

I DID, SERGEANT. THEY'RE TWO OF
THE BEST FIGHTING MEN ANY COM-
MANDER COULD ASK FOR. AND
THEY'VE ARRIVED JUST AT THE
RIGHT TIME TO TAKE A ROUGH JOB
OFF MY NECK! SEE THAT THEY
REPORT FOR SPECIAL
TRAINING IMMEDIATELY!

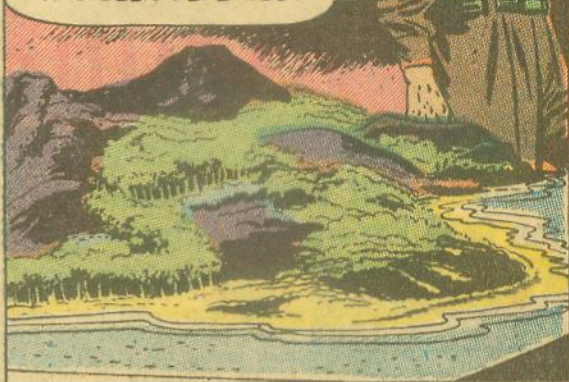






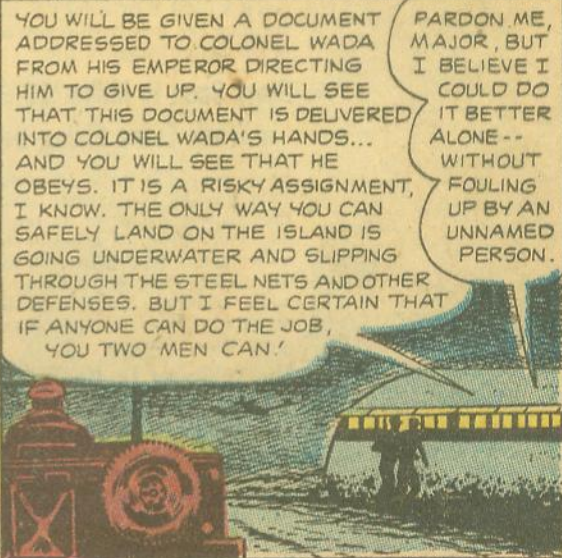
THEN... YOU'VE BOTH WONDERED WHY YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO SPECIAL TRAINING. WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS MODEL. THIS ISLAND IS STILL OCCUPIED BY A NIP FORCE THAT HAS REFUSED TO SURRENDER OR ADMIT THE WAR IS OVER. IT'S A SMALL ISLAND AND WE'VE DELIBERATELY BYPASSED IT. HOWEVER, ORDERS HAVE NOW COME THROUGH TO CLEAN IT UP!

IT'S HEAVILY FORTIFIED AND ITS COASTAL WATERS ARE MINED... ITS SHORES PROTECTED BY GUNS. A FANATIC, COLONEL SHIRO WADA, IS THE COMMANDER. WE HAVE REPEATEDLY DROPPED MESSAGES TO HIM FROM THE AIR, BUT HE WON'T ACKNOWLEDGE THAT HIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN DEFEATED.



BUT, SIR, WOULDN'T IT BE SIMPLE TO BOMB 'EM OUT?

OF COURSE. WE COULD OVERRUN THE PLACE IN SHORT ORDER, AND KILL A LOT OF INNOCENT NATIVES, TOO. FOR THAT REASON, YOU TWO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR A SPECIAL MISSION. YOU ARE BOTH EXPERIENCED IN THIS TYPE OF WARFARE AND YOU BOTH UNDERSTAND AND SPEAK JAPANESE.



YOU WILL BE GIVEN A DOCUMENT ADDRESSED TO COLONEL WADA FROM HIS EMPEROR DIRECTING HIM TO GIVE UP. YOU WILL SEE THAT THIS DOCUMENT IS DELIVERED INTO COLONEL WADA'S HANDS... AND YOU WILL SEE THAT HE OBEYS. IT IS A RISKY ASSIGNMENT, I KNOW. THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN SAFELY LAND ON THE ISLAND IS GOING UNDERWATER AND SLIPPING THROUGH THE STEEL NETS AND OTHER DEFENSES. BUT I FEEL CERTAIN THAT IF ANYONE CAN DO THE JOB, YOU TWO MEN CAN!

PARDON ME, MAJOR, BUT I BELIEVE I COULD DO IT BETTER ALONE-- WITHOUT FOULING UP BY AN UNNAMED PERSON.



WHY, YOU LOW-LIFE...

ATTENTION! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! YOU WILL PROCEED ON YOUR DUTIES TONIGHT!



SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, A FAST LAUNCH FROM A DESTROYER SNEAKS IN CLOSE TO A SMALL, ISOLATED ISLAND. ABOARD THE LAUNCH, QUIGLEY AND BEALS IN RUBBER SUITS AND SHOULDER-FITTED OXYGEN TANKS CROUCH, POISED FOR ACTION...

THE NIPS HAVE SPOTTED US. THEY'RE OPENING FIRE. THE DUMB CLUCKS. HOW LONG DO THEY THINK THE WAR'S GONNA LAST?

READY! READY, QUIGLEY! READY, BEALS! WE CAN'T GO IN MUCH CLOSER!



I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television
than any other man, OUR 40th YEAR.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-telephone exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Miss.ippi.

"By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Stronberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO
VETERANS
UNDER G.I. BILL**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multimeter built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

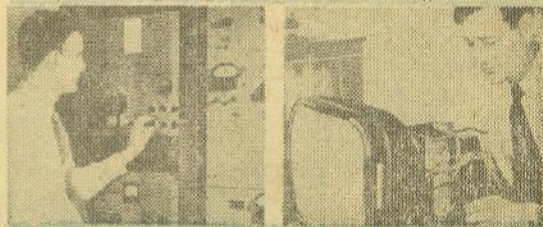
Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multimeter you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way
To Better Pay!**

**2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**



Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. SEKS Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SEKS,
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail the Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
write in date of discharge
VETS

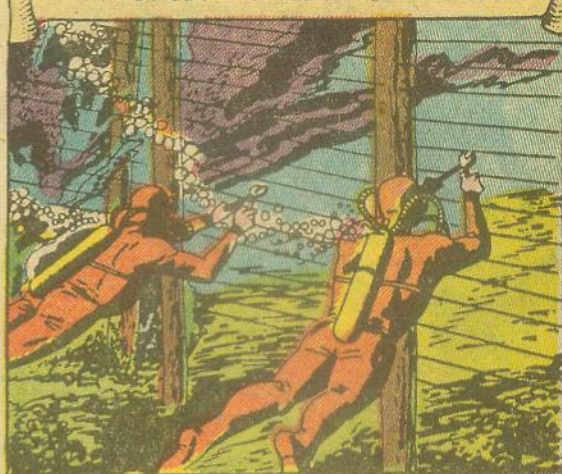
**The ABC's of
SERVICING**

**How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION**

QUIGLEY, THEN BEALS HIT THE WATER...



MAKING THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD SHORE, QUIGLEY AND BEALS THREAD THEIR WAY PAST COMPLICATED HARBOR DEFENSES...



...THEN SLIP THROUGH THE STEEL NET...



FINALLY TWO SHADOWY FIGURES SLITHER OUT OF THE WATER ONTO THE BEACH...





YOU
KAYO HIM,
QUIGLEY?

OF COURSE. IT WAS EASY. I
JUST PRETENDED HE WAS YOU!



YOU TALK!
WHERE IS
YOUR SHO? WHERE
YOUR COMMANDER,
COLONEL
WADA?

IN CAVE.
UP TOP OF
VOLCANO.

QUIGLEY AND BEALS QUICKLY PUT ON THE JAPS' UNIFORMS AND, LEAVING THEIR VICTIMS BOUND AND GAGGED, THE TWO MARINES HEAD UP THE MOUNTAINOUS SLOPE...



ALWAYS SAID
PLOUGHIN' THROUGH THIS
HERE JUNGLE AIN'T MY
IDEA OF A PICNIC. ONLY
HOPE THEM MONKEYS
DON'T GET LOOSE AN'
SPREAD AN ALARM!

YOU SHOULD HAVE
STAYED A CIVILIAN,
QUIGLEY. THIS LIFE IS
TOO RUGGED FOR YOU.
WAIT HERE AND I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
COLONEL WADA
MYSELF!



YUH SAYIN' I'M
YELLA, PRETTY
FACE?

SAVE YOUR ENERGY
UNTIL LATER WHEN I CAN
REALLY TAKE YOU APART!

AFTER AN ARDUOUS CLIMB, THE TWO LEATHER-NECKS FINALLY REACH THE TOP OF THE ISLAND.



THAT MUST
BE COLONEL
WADA'S
CAVE.

WELL, I GOT A SPECIAL
DELIVERY LETTER FOR HIM.
LEAVE US DELIVER IT. AS
FER THAT NIP SENTRY...



GOOD
EVENING,
HAJIME.

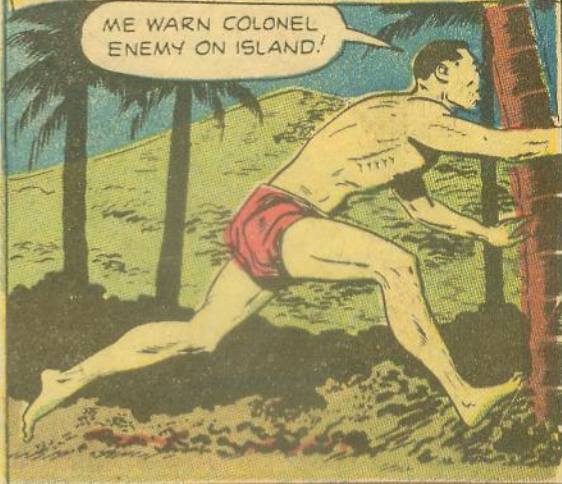
HALT! ME NO HAJIME.
MY NAME--

TOO BAD. LOOKS LIKE NOBODY CAN
ANNOUNCE US TO TH' COLONEL...



MEANWHILE, ONE OF THE TRUSSED-UP JAPS
MANAGED TO WRIGGLE FREE FROM HIS BONDS...

ME WARN COLONEL
ENEMY ON ISLAND!



COLONEL SHIRO WADA IS AWAKENED BY A PHONE...

ENEMY LOOSE ON
ISLAND? THEY HERE!
SOUND ALARM!



LEAVE THE GUN ALONE,
COLONEL WADA. WE'VE
GOT A MESSAGE FROM
THE EMPEROR FOR YOU.

OH! OH! THOSE
ARE SIRENS! THE
FAT'S IN THE FIRE!



THIS FAT STUFF'S GOING TO BE IN
SOMETHING HOTTER THAN FIRE UNLESS
HE WORKS FAST... READ **THIS--**
FROM YOUR BOSS, TELLING YOU THE
WAR IS OVER AND TO LAY
DOWN YOUR ARMS!



COLONEL IN
TROUBLE!

YIPES!! HERE
COMES THE WHOLE
NIP ARMY!







QUIG RACES BACK THROUGH A DEADLY HAIL OF ROCKS AND MOLTEN LAVA...





OLD SAM AND HIS WHISTLE!

"**T**ELL ye I don't blame the redskins. We gave them plenty of provocation. Particularly old General Wiley Thompson!" Old Sam spat into the fire as though to give emphasis to his words.

Sergeant David Block of the United States Marines looked at the grizzled face of the veteran Indian guide and fighter and then turned back to stare into the fiery heart of the campfire, built on the banks of the wide and turbulent river deep in the heart of the endless maze of swamp-lands.

"Yes, sir!" Old Sam went on. "When you get two proud and quick-tempered men like the Seminole Indian chief Osceola and General Thompson disagreein', yer bound to have trouble! Ye see, the trouble started right after Florida became part of the United States. The new settlers wanted Indian lands and a treaty was signed movin' the Indians to their new reservation west of the Mississippi. But when the Seminoles refused to go, Washington sent the General down to kind of speed their departure. Right off the bat, Thompson had Osceola put into irons and thrown into prison for a day, because he had become insolent while carrying on negotiations. 'Twasn't the smarest thing he could have done."

Old Sam picked up a stick and absent-mindedly threw it into the blaze. "Ye see, Osceola was the son of a white trader and a squaw of the Creek tribe, but he had been brought up by the Seminoles, to have a mighty high opinion of himself. His wife was a Negress and the old General, still hot-tempered, had her seized as a fugitive slave. Maybe she was, but Osceola wasn't goin' to take that lyin' down. No, sir! He got his tribe of Seminoles so roused up that they went on the warpath. And it's been a mighty bloody war ever since!"

Dave had heard all this before from Old Sam. It was his favorite topic of conversation. Maybe Osceola had been given a raw deal by the white folks, but the Indians hadn't exactly been angels either. At the start of the war in 1836, now almost seven years ago, the small United States Army with only a thousand men spread out over the several Southeastern states, had been fighting against the three mighty Indian nations—Creeks and the Cherokees as well as the Seminoles—who could muster more than three times that number. Not only that, but the sadly outnumbered soldiers were facing warriors who knew every

inch of the great swamps and morasses of the Southlands.

From the depths of these swamps, the Indians had made silent surprise attacks on settlers, stage coaches and river steamboats. They had burned the city of Roanoke to the ground and had made swift and devastating forays into the outskirts of Columbus and Tallahassee. Settlers by the hundreds had been forced to flee from their homes to avoid death for the men and slavery for the women and the children.

The injustice hadn't been all one-sided, that was for sure, but Dave knew better than try to start an argument with Old Sam. For one thing the words came hard to his lips and the old man could argue rings around him. He would cackle with glee as the discussion waxed hotter and hotter and the words got louder and louder. Dave had gone through it many times before and tonight he was too tired to do it again. It had been a long and gruelling day, wading waist-high through mud and stagnant foul pools, dodging as best he could, the cruel and harrowing fire Osceola and his braves had been turning on them all day. But now, almost dawn, it was quiet. As a matter of fact, it had been still and peaceful ever since the sun had set. From all indications it looked as though the long campaign was almost over, for Osceola was making his last desperate stand on the opposite banks of the river. At dawn, the attempt at an amphibious crossing would be made. Dave looked up into the sky at the faint streaks of light already showing. It wouldn't be long now.

Old Sam followed his glance and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, we'll win," he said. "There ain't no doubt of that. But Osceola is a great fightin' man. Kind of hope that when he surrenders, that'll be remembered."

Now there were signs of increased activity all about them and with a yawning groan Dave got up onto his feet. The day of decision had dawned!

Colonel Archibald Henderson, who had volunteered the services of the Marines at the beginning of the Indian hostilities and had fought side by side with his men ever since, was already down at the water's edge when Dave got there followed by Old Sam. The Colonel was looking across the muddy swirling waters, and saying, "We'll cut a couple of trees down and float them. We'll get across that way!"

"Hope ye can swim, Colonel," Old Sam said. "That current's mighty tricky!"

Henderson regarded the trapper gravely. "You're probably right, Sam, as usual. What do you think of our chances for today?"

Old Sam snorted. "I was jest tellin' this young whippersnapper here that we're goin' to win. Ye got Osceola in a corner and there's no way out fer him!"

Colonel Henderson nodded, gravely pleased. "Just what I figured," he said. "Glad we see eye to eye. And I also know how you feel about Osceola. I agree with you on that too. He's a great warrior and a great leader. He shall be given all the honors of war!"

Old Sam merely grunted, but when he turned and picked up an axe to join the party chopping down the trees at the water's edge, his shrill whistle pierced the air. It was a sure indication that he was happy.

Dave joined him. The keen edge of the axe biting into the tough wood under the swing of his powerful arms drove the stiffness and the last of the sleepiness of the night from him. He was ready now for whatever the day might bring. Seven years and maybe the war would end today! His whistle mingled with that of Old Sam's.

Now, the trees trimmed of their branches were ready for the launching. Colonel Henderson had already attempted to swim the river, but Old Sam's warning had come true. The current had been too much for him. He was being forced to wait until the younger men could cross under the protection of the trees and were in position to cover his advance.

Dave was one of the first ones over, clinging to the tree with one arm, while with the other, he held his new-fangled rifle high above his head. But he got it across without getting it wet. Once on the other side, there was no sign of Osceola or his Seminoles. Not a sign from them even as the main body of the Marines crossed over, swimming or floating on the logs.

In one way Dave was wrong and yet in another, he was right. The war wasn't over in that one day, but that day did mark the beginning of the end. For Osceola knew that he was licked and kept falling back further and further into the farthest reaches of the swamp known as Hatchee Lustee. The war deteriorated into a series of raids, making it impossible for the Seminoles to plant crops or to set up any sort of a permanent camp. Finally the day did come when Osceola recognized the inevitable. Still haughty, still magnificent, he met Colonel Henderson and the white

man and the red man, respecting each other, sat down and smoked the pipe of peace.

The peace terms were simple but severe. Osceola was forced to agree to enter a camp in New Orleans with his people until the new reservation, now many miles further west of the Mississippi than the one he had spurned seven years before, would be ready to receive them. Everything would be done to make them happy and contented there, but nevertheless the fact remained that they would be far from their beloved swamplands. Osceola, as brave in defeat as ever he was in victory, merely bowed his head and accepted the decision of his conquerors stoically.

But not Old Sam. "I tell ye, Dave," he said, "bein' sent away from here will kill Osceola and his people. There's room enough for 'em in the swamps. They ought to be allowed to remain there!"

"Nothin' we can do about it," Dave said. "Even though Colonel Henderson agrees with you. And for that matter, so do I!"

Old Sam shrugged his shoulders, his eyes lost in far-away thought. It was about the last conversation Dave had with him, for with the Indian War over, the Marines were recalled to their bases in the Navy yards. For his leadership and bravery, Colonel Henderson was appointed commandant of the United States Marine Corps. One of the few men he took with him was Sergeant David Block, for Dave had been one of the original fighting leathernecks that stayed with him during the entire seven years. So it was that Dave was there when the curious sequel to the great war of the swamps was brought to Henderson's attention. Somehow, somehow, Osceola and the Seminoles had broken out of the camp in New Orleans and had escaped into the Everglades of Florida! It had been evident that they had had outside help.

"Sergeant," Colonel Henderson said to Dave, "I wonder if you would have any idea of whom it might have been?"

Dave searched the noncommittal face of his commanding officer closely. He was never easy with words and so he didn't try to speak his thoughts. Instead he broke into a shrill whistle, and Colonel Henderson listening, laughed. "Old Sam and his whistle," he said. "I bet he's whistling right now. Always did when he was happy. Of course, we haven't any proof that Old Sam was mixed up in this escape and probably never will have!"

"No, sir!" said Dave, and the Colonel and the Sergeant grinned at each other.

THROW YOUR VOICE



Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".

No. 137

25¢

MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222.... Only 1.00

NICKELS TO DIMES



NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

Brass cover is placed on four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

No. 215..... 1.00



AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Worset! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but listen in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphone and aerial.

No. 133

2.98



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

No. 240..... 1.50



RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from any other room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Feel everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

No. 112

1.98



WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247

50¢



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 230..... Only 50¢



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205

3.98



Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14.

6.98

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. A-955
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



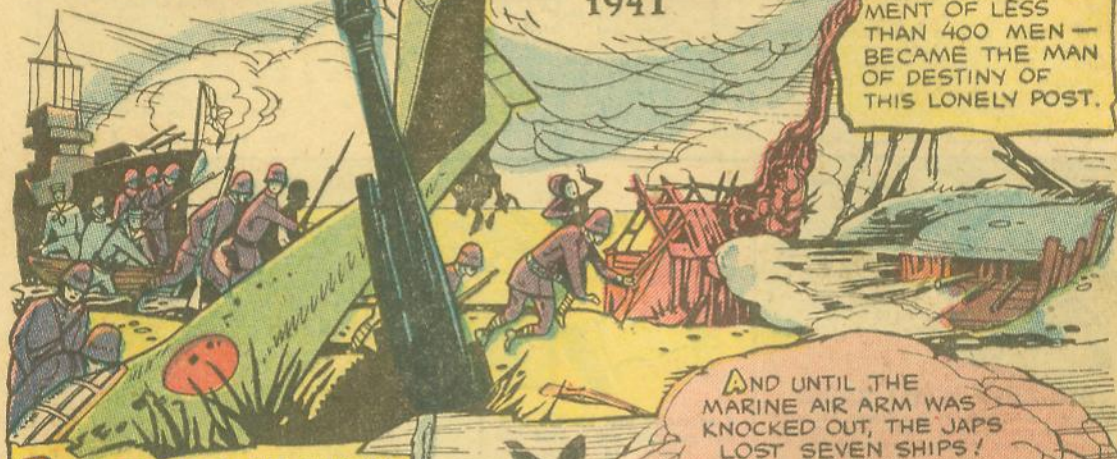
THE DAY AFTER PEARL HARBOR THE JAPS SENT 24 BOMBERS TO DISPOSE OF THE MARINE GARRISON ON WAKE ISLAND. THE MARINES WERE READY FOR THEM.

The U.S. Marines at Wake Island

DEC. 8 - DEC. 22
1941

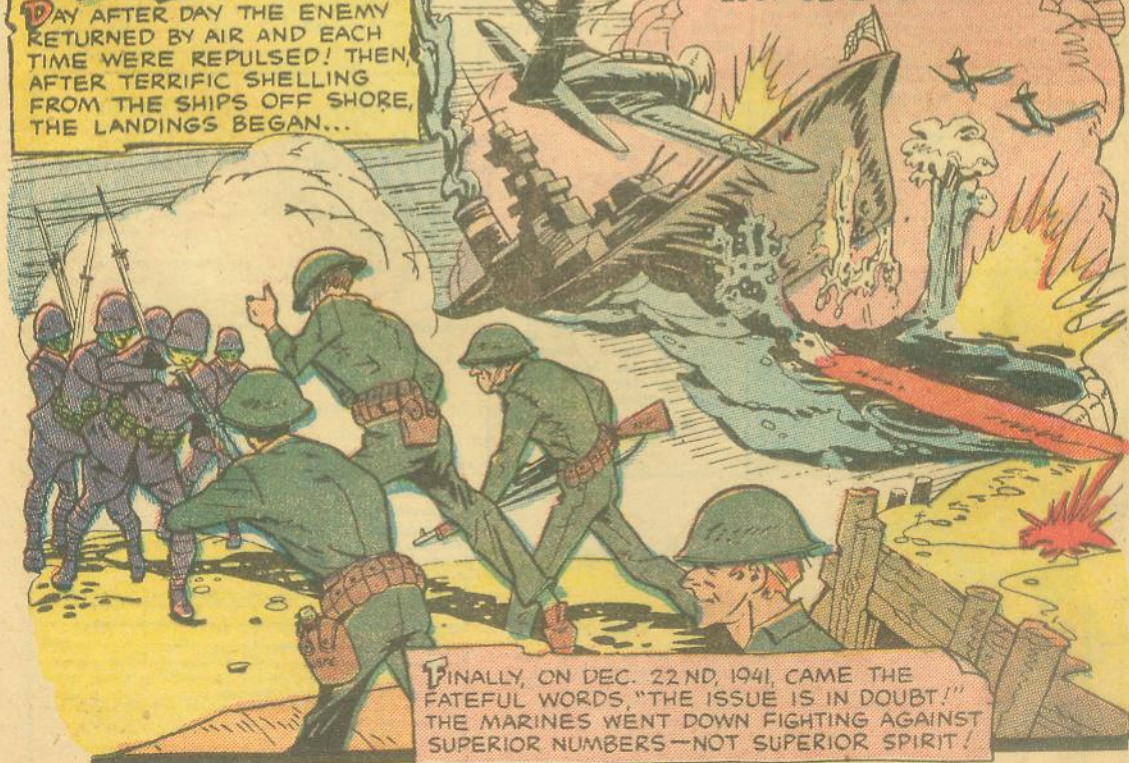


MAJOR JAMES S.P. DEVEREAUX — COMMANDING A DETACHMENT OF LESS THAN 400 MEN — BECAME THE MAN OF DESTINY OF THIS LONELY POST.



DAY AFTER DAY THE ENEMY RETURNED BY AIR AND EACH TIME WERE REPULSED! THEN, AFTER TERRIFIC SHELLING FROM THE SHIPS OFF SHORE, THE LANDINGS BEGAN...

AND UNTIL THE MARINE AIR ARM WAS KNOCKED OUT, THE JAPS LOST SEVEN SHIPS!



FINALLY, ON DEC. 22ND, 1941, CAME THE FATEFUL WORDS, "THE ISSUE IS IN DOUBT!" THE MARINES WENT DOWN FIGHTING AGAINST SUPERIOR NUMBERS—NOT SUPERIOR SPIRIT!

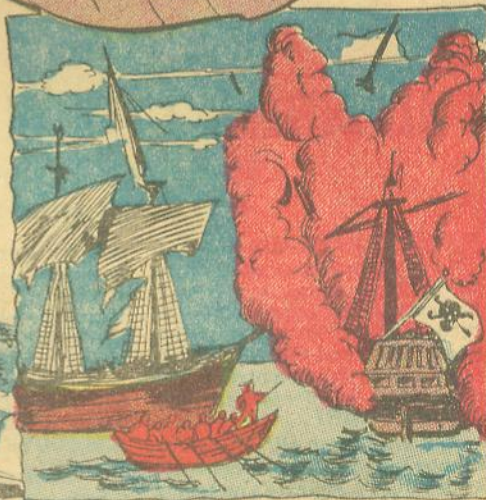
A TREASURY OF PIRATE LORE...

"THE ORIGIN OF THE BUCCANEER"

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENT., THE ISLAND OF SAN DOMINGO, (OR HISPANIOLA) WAS OVERRUN BY A SINGULAR COMMUNITY OF ROUGH AND READY MEN COMPOSED CHIEFLY OF FRENCH COLONISTS...

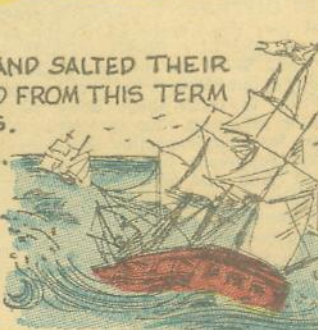


THESE PEOPLE DRESSED IN SHIRTS AND PANTALOONS OF COARSE LINEN. WHICH THEY WORE RAWHIDE BELTS IN WHICH THEY STUCK THEIR KNIVES AND SABRES.



THE PLACES WHERE THEY DRIED AND SALTED THEIR MEAT WERE CALLED BOUCANS AND FROM THIS TERM THEY WERE STYLED BUCCANEERS. THEY WERE HUNTERS BY TRADE.

THE SPANIARDS, JEALOUS OF ANYONE BESIDE THEMSELVES HAVING A FOOTHOLD IN AMERICA, DECIDED TO GET RID OF THE SO-FAR HARMLESS BUCCANEERS.



THIS WAS A MISTAKE FOR THE HALF-SAVAGE MEN HAD TO LOOK FOR OTHER MEANS OF EXISTENCE. THEY JOINED THE FREE-BOOTERS AND BEGAN THE GREAT PERIOD OF PIRACY WHICH WAS ONE OF THE CAUSES OF THE DOWN-FALL OF SPANISH POWER!

Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

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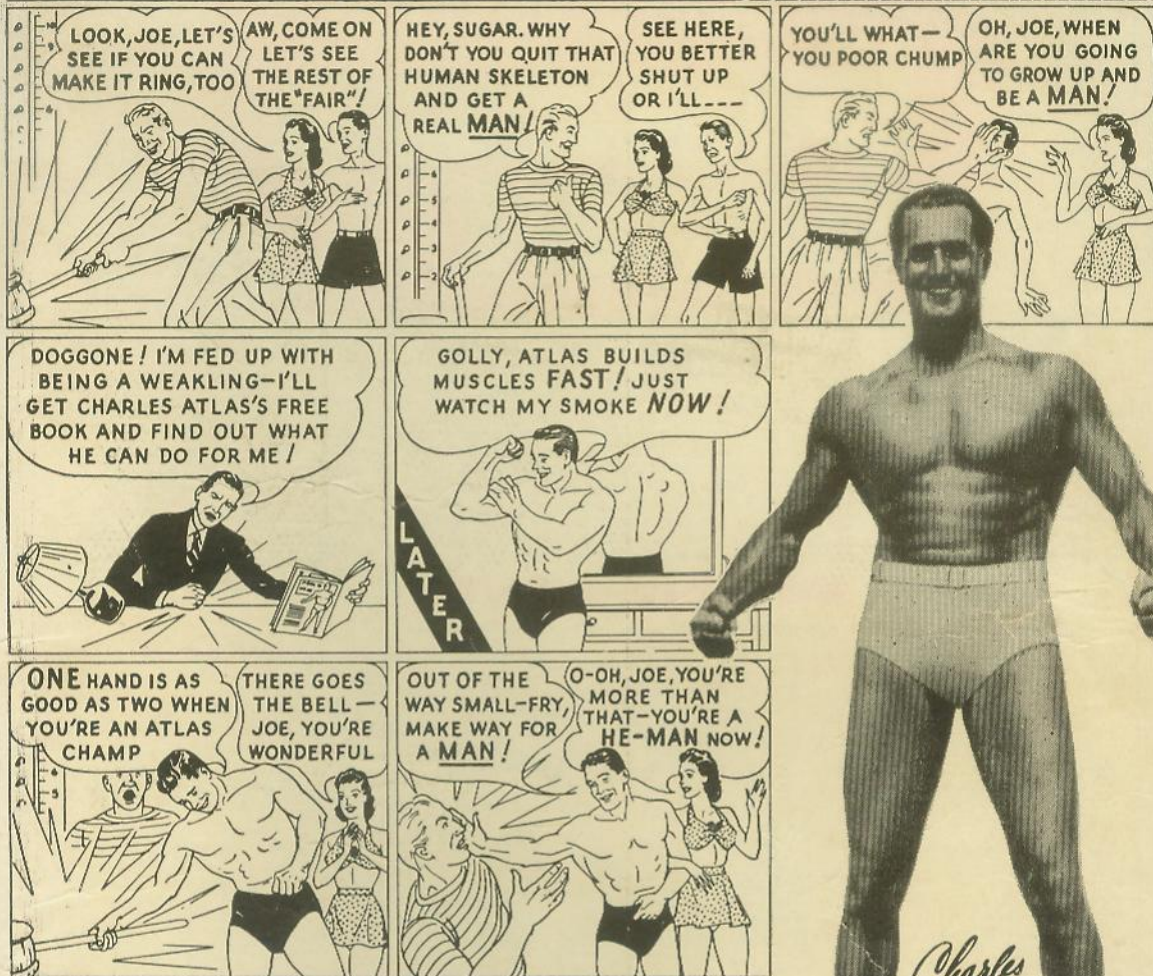
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